

Crawford



Avalanche

JUSTICE AND RIGHT

VOLUME XXXVI

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, APRIL 30, 1914.

OSCAR P. SCHUMANN, Editor and Proprietor

NUMBER 18

The Butcher Boy Says:

"There are no arguments about the Food Products that you buy at this store. We have no "come-backs" on account of the quality of our goods. High quality is only one of the many features we claim. Strict cleanliness is another watchword with us."

Phone Number Two

Milk's Market

F. H. Milks

AUTO LIVERY

Fishermen. Resorters. Campers.

We are prepared to give you Good Service—New Cars and Careful Drivers—service absolutely dependable and no disappointments.

Can take care of You and Your Baggage

Phone 881

Grayling Machinery Repair Company.

Our Groceries Coax a Sluggish Appetite

They MAKE You Eat

We know that every person when about to purchase groceries thinks of getting something that will tempt their appetite. We have everything imaginable in the line of fancy groceries—dainties that cannot fail to make a person want to eat no matter how sluggish their appetite has been.

If you can't eat, come to our store and we will show you something that will appeal to you.

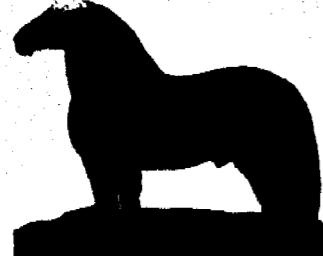
Phone No. 25. Promptly Delivered.

H. Petersen

Your Grocer.

LIVERY & SALES STABLES

Prompt livery service ready at any time. Also heavy work.



Farms and farm lands and village property for sale.

N. P. OLSON Grayling
Langevin's Old Stand.

TRAINS MEET IN COLLISION

A. W. LAMB AND GEORGE HAWKEN ARE INJURED.

Sike Swipes Rear End of Freight Train.

Engineer A. W. Lamb and baggage-man George Hawken of Bay City narrowly escaped death about five o'clock Saturday morning near Waters, when they jumped from their passenger train when they saw it was to collide with the rear end of a freight train which was not completely clear of the tracks on which the passenger flyer was running. Lamb was the most seriously injured of the two, receiving a fractured left arm, severe bruises about the head and body and a fractured ankle, while Hawken had several ribs fractured and received minor bruises to the body.

As soon as a special could be gotten together Lamb and Hawken were rushed to Bay City.

A report from Waters says that the passenger train was running at top speed at the time of the collision. The freight train was standing on a side-track waiting for the passenger train to pass by.

When the collision occurred the passenger engine and the express car were derailed and tipped over on their sides, while six of the eight freight cars, it is said, were practically demolished. None of the passengers on the train were injured, but all of them received a severe shaking up and were jolted about in the cars.

Lamb was engineer of train known as No. 207, and was running at full speed through Waters when they collided with the rear cars of a south bound extra freight. The extra had turned into the siding to allow the passenger train to pass by but the freight was too long for the side track and the rear end of the cars were very close to the tracks on which the passenger was going north. The north bound freight had failed to flag the passenger train and therefore the train crew of the passenger was unaware of the existence of the extra south bound freight. When Engineer Lamb and Baggage-man Hawken saw that a collision was inevitable, they jumped as they passed the Waters station. A few seconds later the collision occurred.

Assistance was immediately summoned and Lamb and Hawken were quickly taken care of, while an examination was made for injuries among the passengers.

Mr. Lamb has been the victim of several accidents within the past few years. About two months ago he was struck on the head by a chunk of coal, suffering from a severe concussion of the brain from which he had only recently recovered. A few years ago he had an arm broken in an accident and the fracture was of such a nature that it kept him laid up for over a year. Two or three years ago he fell, while at work, causing injuries which disabled him for weeks. He is a brother of J. T. Lamb of our city.

Historical Column

Conducted by Perry Ostrander, Grayling, Mich., to whom all communications should be addressed.

Autobiography of Daniel Waldron

I, Daniel S. Waldron was born near Wedsport, New York, October 27th, 1829, lived there until the spring of 1835, then moved with my family to Rome, Ashtabula county, Ohio, lived on a farm there until 1842, then moved to Chatham, Medina county, lived on a farm until 1847 then went to Middle Berry, Summit county to learn the fanning mill trade; worked two years, then had to quit on account of my health. Went back to Chatham, worked on the farm until 1853, then went to Wauseon, Fulton county. Worked at the carpenter trade until 1862, enlisted in the 10th Ohio cavalry November 10th, for three years during the war. I was one of six brothers who enlisted in the war of the rebellion, three of whom gave up their lives for their country. I was discharged August 4th, 1865 by orders of war department as peace was declared. Came home broken in health. Ran a bakery and restaurant for two years then took charge of a bridge gang for the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad company; kept my job until November 25, 1871, then came to Jonesville, Mich., took charge of the bridge gang on the Lansing division of the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Built five bridges over the Kalamazoo river all the culverts to Lansing; built a bridge over the Grand River at Diamondale 45 ft. long and one over the Cedar River at Lansing. Stayed two years in Shiawassee county building barns and granaries. I then came to Perry Cheney in August, 1875 worked for Perry Richardson two miles

south of Perry Cheney. Then homesteaded the s.e. 1/4 of sec 6, town 25 n., range 2 west. In the spring of 77 I was elected highway commissioner of South Branch, served one year. In the spring of 78 was elected justice to fill vacancy of two years. In 1880 was elected to fill the same office for four years. When the county was organized I was elected to the office of probate judge, served the term of three and one-half years. At the first term of circuit court I was granted a bill of divorce from my first wife. I then married Anna F. Cox, who was born near Lockport, New York, July 20, 1844. We lived on the homestead until 1886 then moved to Grayling; built a house and was in the land office a year and one-half as receiver for Tip Appling. My wife died August 20th, 1894. Since then I have no fixed place of residence. I held the office of justice for five years in Grayling. I was a charter member of Marvin Post, G. A. R., of Grayling.

Mr. Waldron died at the Soldiers home in Grand Rapids, Sept. 1st, 1912 and was laid to rest in Elmwood cemetery in this city on Thursday Sept. 5, under the auspices of Marvin Post of which he was a member.

PATIENCE, OR BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.

Opera House on Friday Evening, May 1st.

Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride, by Sullivan, a splendid Old English operetta, a play that has been produced by some of the best talent of the Old World and in America, has always attracted the greatest patronage.

The scene is laid in England where Bunthorne owns his castle and country estate. Bunthorne assumes the role of "A fleshly poet" and at once surrounds himself with a company of "Rapturous maidens," who fall madly in love with Bunthorne and his poetic ways. Angela, Ella, Sophie and Jane are principles in the chorus of maidens and Jane is most attracted to him. Bunthorne, however, is infatuated with the village milkmaid, Patience, and woos her, to the great distraction of the other maidens.

About one o'clock on July first, 1863, a heavy conflict was waging between two divisions of Confederate General Hill's corps and Pleasanton's cavalry, supported by Reynold's troops of Hancock's corps.

The 16th Michigan was among the first regiments to arrive on the fields,

as the sanguine conflict drew to a close, with the union troops retreating from Seminary to Cemetery Ridge and immediately went to the assistance of the endangered troops. Dropping behind a rail fence, they poured volley after volley into the victorious confederate troops, who retreated to shelter in the woods at the rear. Then there followed a struggle between southern pluck and northern courage.

"I like fence rails in their place," remarked Stanley Insole to his chum, Wayne Thompson, corporal of Co. A, as a volley of shells sent some of the rails about their heads, "but rails have no business sailing around in the air like balloons."

"Yes, it does put one in mind of a day at the county fair," was the answer.

"I wish them fellows would vacate. I don't like such close neighbors," said a boy on their right.

"Yes," answered Stanley, "I never did like a fellow dressed in butternut or gray; they only make good grave clothes."

Just then an aid rode up and saluted. "The General's compliments on the way you have defended your position, but Little Round Top is nearly unprotected and is the key to our whole line and you are to move your regiment into position on it."

"Some people say this is a civil war but I sometimes think it is too darned civil. They might have saved complications until a more peaceable time," growled Wayne.

"Well it would be enjoyable," a voice answered.

The regiment moved out on the double quick for the rear, and a short time later found the men in the new position.

"Certainly a nice place to view the

THE REUNION.

HARDIN SWENKEY.

CHAPTER I. BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

If a person happened to be standing on some mountain or hill which overlooked the vicinity of Gettysburg, he might have seen a number of long moving objects, which, as they approached on the many different roads that had their center at Gettysburg, could be seen to be bodies of men. If he was aware of the events that had just happened, he would have known that these bodies of men were the rugged, fighting troops that composed the companies, regiments and brigades of the armies of the Potomac and James.

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For Every Man in this City Who has New Clothes to Buy, we have this Message:

OUR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT contains the largest and finest stock of Men's and Young Men's Apparel to be found anywhere hereabout.

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT is now complete with a full line of the latest styles for men, women and children.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT—The ladies will all want a new dress for Easter. We have all the new things in Dress Goods—Crepes and Foulards,—plain and Fancy figured; Poplins, Taffetas, Messalines, Crepe de Chene, Crepe Voiles, Brocade Grenadine, Ram-polar Chuddah and many others too numerous to mention.

GLOVES. We also have the gloves to match—all shades—both long and short lengths, in silk and kid.

Emil Kraus.

GRAYLING'S LEADING DRY GOODS STORE.

Think of it—motor car transportation at less than two cents a mile—what it is costing thousands of Ford owners. It's a big reason for Ford popularity. Other reasons—Ford lightness—Ford strength—Ford dependability. Better get yours now.

Five hundred dollars is the price of the Ford runabout; the touring car is five fifty; the town car seven fifty—f. o. b. Detroit, complete with equipment. Get catalog and particulars from Geo. Burke, Frederic, Mich.

FINE FLAVOR IN BAKING—

is always due to extreme care in milling Aristos flour we are more careful than other mills to get delicious flavor into our flour. For example, the proportion of GLIADIN in the gluten is carefully adjusted so as to produce whole some, delicious flour—a flour that will IMPROVE the quality of your BREAD, BISCUITS and PASTRY.



We have secured the exclusive agency for this famous brand of coffee—known the country over for its delicate aroma and delicious flavor.

It now can be had at this store in sanitary pound packages at 30 cents the pound.

Lovers of good coffee who have failed to get in their coffee full flavor and strength will be delighted with Bell Roasted Coffee.

SALLING, HANSON CO.

The Pioneer Store

Established 1868

CRAWFORD AVALANCHE

IF YOU DON'T GET A BITE



with our tackle there are no fish around. You can bank on that. Our fishing tackle is so effective that fish fight among themselves for the honor of being caught with it. Visit this store and get just the right hooks, the right sinkers, the right line, the right pole and even the right basket in which to carry the fish you will surely land.

Central Drug Store

Crawford Avalanche

O. P. Schumann, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....	\$1.50
Six Months.....	.75
Three Months.....	.40

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, APR. 30

Correspondence

Lovellia.

T. E. Douglas made a business trip to Saginaw Friday.

Miss Florence McCormick was a Lewiston caller on Wednesday.

Martha and Ruth Stillwagon returned home Tuesday from a visit with relatives in West Branch.

Miss Hanna Anderson of Chicago arrived Friday for her annual stay at her summer home down the river.

Mrs. E. S. Houghton and family left on Thursday for their new home in Grayling. They will be greatly missed by their many friends here.

Clyde Lee was pleasantly surprised Thursday evening by a number of his friends coming in to help him celebrate his eighteenth birthday. A good time was reported by everyone.

Beaver Creek.

G. Belmore has purchased a new team.

Mrs. Fisher has gone to Buffalo for a visit.

Mr. Johnson of Houghton Lake is at Jens Hansen's.

The meetings at the school house closed Saturday evening.

John Johnson of Frederic was visiting at Andrew Mortenson's.

Mrs. John Hanna returned Monday from Chicago, where she has been visiting.

Mrs. John Renspies arrived Monday from Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Renspies have rented the Nielsen farm.

Grayling Druggist has Valuable Agency.

A. M. Lewis has the Grayling agency for the simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-ka, the remedy which became famous by curing appendicitis. This simple remedy has powerful action and drains such surprising amounts of old matter from the body that just one dose relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation almost immediately. The quick action of Adler-ka is astonishing.

Steam Heat and Electric Lights Open Day and Night

New Russel Hotel

Under New Management.

Everything conducive to the comfort of its patrons.

Your patronage solicited.

Rate: \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day

Geo. A. Hodge
Proprietor

Local News

As an autumn sport the tango is developing football.

The one most rare thing of the age is a movie film with a kissless plot.

Some oysters lay 50,000,000 eggs a year and yet they never cackle over the fact.

To call the sleeping porch a "sofa-Mum" makes it more habitable in cold weather.

A scientist declares the oyster digests itself. It should prove a boon to the lazy man.

Smoke is said to cost Pittsburgh \$10,000,000 annually. It certainly gives color to the city.

A new use for giants has been found. They are fine as fruit pickers and are in great demand out west.

You always are advised to look before you leap, but what's the difference so long as you leap?

Those now English overcoats for men give the wearer the graceful contour of a shock of fodder.

The way most theatrical men develop a sense of discrimination is by hooking their chariots to stars.

Since the kitchen is the cause of most of man's woes the wonder is that our architects do not abolish it!

The meteorological preparations for next year's wheat crop, so far as they have gone, are pretty satisfactory, too.

It is not infrequently the case that when a man brags that he doesn't stay out late at night he is simply hen-pecked.

When real Havana cigars may be known by the label there will be justification for looking a gift cigar in the hand.

The Pittsburgh man who was fined \$25 for winking at a girl will leave the country if he ever has the St. Vitus dance.

Any millionaire who objects to the income tax can readily find plenty willing to take over his burden of wealth, tax and all.

An explorer claims to have discovered an island where the women have two voices. Why can't he let bad enough alone?

Doctors say that the tango is responsible for a new disease. Most persons won't hesitate in calling the disease itself a disease.

Three women have organized a law firm with the likelihood that not one of the three wants to be known as the senior member.

Mesothorium being far less expensive than radium, cancer comes that much nearer being placed within the means of the poor.

When it gets down to brass tacks, it will be generally agreed that, after all, mother does the best job as a teacher of sewing.

Now that the Gatun locks have set-tied down to the job it looks as if it would take something more than an earthquake to disturb them.

Over in Germany they have found a new way of beating the income tax. First thing we know there will be an exodus to Germany to learn the secret.

Five husbands up for sentence for non-support in Philadelphia pleaded that they could not find work. They should be compelled to take in washing.

An eastern preacher says society is on the way to purgatory. Any one watching some of the present fashions may have little difficulty in agreeing with him.

The suit for alienating \$1,000,000 worth of a man's affections raises the interesting speculation whether affections that are worth that much can be alienated.

The name of the surgeon who discovered 80,000,000 contagious germs probably will go down in history with that of Pasteur and other great scientists.

The woman who wants a divorce because her husband has sulky fits and morose moods recalls the doctor who gave up his practice to cause folks kept on getting sick.

The loss in broken eggs in a single year is put at \$75,000,000 by an agricultural expert. Evidently, they have mighty bad plays and poor manners in some parts of the country.

A New York woman suing for divorce says her husband's most cruel act was telling her age and making it four years more than she admits. That was certainly a refinement of cruelty.

Baguio, in the Philippines, has been strengthening its claim to be the wettest place in the world. On July 29 the precipitation was 31.78 inches, which nearly equals the world's mean rainfall for a year. But Baguio has done better than that; it made a world's record in July, 1911, with 91.53 inches in four days, of which 33.76 inches fell in a single day. When 7% feet of water come down in one storm it is time to look after the shingling of the ark.

Stomach Trouble Cured.
Mrs. M. G. Cleveland, Arnold, Pa., writes: "For some time I suffered from stomach trouble. I would have sour stomach and feel bloated after eating. Nothing benefited me until I got Chamberlain's Tablets. After taking two bottles of them I was cured. For sale by all Dealer."

Best Treatment for Constipation.

"My daughter used Chamberlain's Tablets for constipation with good results and I can recommend them highly," writes Paul B. Babie, Brule, La. For sale by all Dealers.

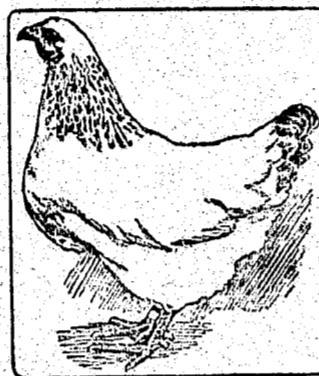
POULTRY

FOWLS SUITABLE FOR FARM

Old Farmer Says He Has Never Seen Anything Better Than Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes.

Many farmers have hobbies and pet theories which sometimes bring them plenty of "experience," but as a rule they look at everything along utility lines, says Farm News. Some farmers have been looking for the best farmer's fowl, have bred almost all breeds in existence, and yet have to confess to failure along these lines. At times he thinks that he has the best bird cornered only to find that it is still at large. A buzzaw is all right for the purpose for which it was intended, but it can't be used for shaving a man's beard. All these things are very practical in their way, but making them answer for all purposes is very much like corralling a cyclone, something no man has succeeded in doing.

One person wants fowls for the production of eggs, and, therefore, will want the breed whose hens prove to be the best layers. Another wants the best table fowl, and an entirely different breed will be selected. The third man wants a fowl with a certain fancy feather and pays a fancy price for it. A farmer living several miles from town cares very little for fowls of any particular kind, yet he



Columbian Wyandotte Pullet.

will admit that they are an unfailing source of supply in case of emergency in supplying the table, buying the groceries and keeping him out of debt for long intervals.

The farmer's flock should be prolific without sacrificing other qualities. They should be good table fowls. To satisfy this requirement they must be of good size, plump and of good appearance when dressed. They must be hardy and good foragers, as there is much waste food on the farm that can be converted into cash returns by the fowls. The hens must be good sitters and mothers, as many farmers are not ready to buy incubators—although they should do so at once.

These are questions that are being studied by the careful, and each individual will have to determine the matter for himself. An old farmer who is now off the active list, but still lives on the farm and raises poultry as a diversion says he visited many poultry shows just to inspect some of the best birds of the new varieties, and he says that he has never seen anything better than the Plymouth Rock and Wyandotte varieties for real business stock. He said: "You can tell inquirers that these two breeds are still at the top, and there are enough varieties of them to please any sensible person. As to individual taste, the old Indian said if men were all alike they would all want his squaw."

So many varieties of chickens have been evolved that it seems as if there should be nothing left to be sought or desired in the way of beauty or utility.

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Best Treatment for Constipation.

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Auction Sale.
On Saturday, May 2nd, 1914, at 10 o'clock, p.m., the undersigned, as administrator for the estate of the late F. S. Burgess, will sell at public auction, at the barn formerly occupied by him, the following described articles:

1 kitchen cabinet, beds, chairs, center tables, stores, carpets, contract on piano, 2 sewing machines, 1 wheelbarrow, 1 art platform scales, 2 sets light double harness, 1 set single harness, 1 buggy, and other articles too numerous to mention. Terms strictly cash.

A. B. Failling, Adm.

MICHIGAN STATE LAND OFFICE,

Lansing, April 1, 1914.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following described abandoned tax lands situated in the county of Crawford, State of Michigan, by the Auditor General under the provisions of Section 127 of Act 280 of the Public Acts of 1901, and acts amendatory thereto, have been withdrawn from homestead entry by the Auditor General and Commissioner of the State Land office acting jointly under the authority conferred upon them by Act 141 of the Public Acts of 1901, examined and appraised, and will be placed in market by offering them for sale at a public auction to be held in the court house in the village of Grayling, on Wednesday, the 13th of May, 1914, at ten o'clock a.m., at which time they will become subject to purchase in the manner prescribed by law. Deeds issued upon the sale of any of these lands will contain the following:

"SAVING AND EXCEPTING out of this conveyance and always reserving unto the said State of Michigan, all mineral, coal, oil and gas, lying and being on, within or under the said lands hereby conveyed, with full and free liberty and power to the said State of Michigan, its duly authorized officers, representatives and assigns, and its or their lessees, agents and workmen, and all other persons by its or their authority or permission, whether already given or hereafter to be given, at any time and from time to time, to enter upon said lands and take all usual, necessary or convenient means for exploring, mining, working, piping, getting, laying up, storing, dressing, making merchantable, and taking away the said mineral, coal, oil and gas, pursuant to the provisions of section eight of act two hundred eighty, Public Acts of 1909, and each purchaser will be required to sign an application containing an agreement to accept such deed and abide faithfully in the conditions therein set forth."

AUGUSTUS C. CARTON,
Commissioner.

CRAWFORD COUNTY.

VILLAGE OF FREDERICVILLE.

DILLY'S ADDITION.

BLOCK NO. 2.

Lot No. 4. Lot No. 10.

BLOCK NO. 4.

Lot No. 3. Lot No. 4 / Lot No. 5.

VILLAGE OF FREDERICVILLE.

MICRAE'S ADDITION.

BLOCK NO. 5.

Lot No. 1. Lot No. 2. Lot No. 3.

Lot No. 4. Lot No. 5. Lot No. 6.

Lot No. 7. Lot No. 8. Lot No. 9.

Lot No. 10. Lot No. 11. Lot No. 12.

BLOCK NO. 6.

Lot No. 1. Lot No. 2. Lot No. 3.

Lot No. 4. Lot No. 5. Lot No. 6.

VILLAGE OF GRAYLING.

HADLEY'S SECOND ADDITION.

CRAWFORD AVALANCHE

We carry the two Best
Lines of
Chocolates
on the market.

Gilberts and the Liggett
Line.

Try them and be convinced.

A. M. Lewis
Druggist

Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, APR. 30

Local News

There is not many joy rides on the
road to success.
Robt Reagan made a business trip to
Bay City on Monday.
Leave orders for Early Rose seed
potatoes at Brink's grocery.

Wall paper hangers ready for your
job. Phone SORENSEN BROS. 4-23-2

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lovelly
of T. Town on Sunday last, a fine
baby girl.

Mrs. Samuel Phelps Jr. and chil-
dren spent last Friday in Saginaw,
returning Saturday.

Mrs. A. Kidston and little daughter
returned on Friday evening from a
short visit with friends in Bay City.

Ed Strell, accompanied by Clarence
Brown, spent a few days in Man-
sion last week, returning on Friday in
the former's car.

A thorough examination by C. J.
Hathaway, optometrist, will show
whether that headache is due to eye
strain or not. Try it.

Mrs. Wm. Butler and children re-
turned to their home in Lansing on
Tuesday after a couple of weeks' visit
here with relatives and friends.

Rev. Dr. Nimmo will hold services
in the Danish Lutheran Church this
Evening April 30th at 7:30 P. M. You
are cordially invited to attend.

The Presbyterian supper and fair
last Thursday afternoon and evening
proved to be a success. It was given
under the auspices of the Ladies'
Union.

There was a meeting of the board
of trustees for the Lincoln Chautau-
qua that is to be held here the first
week in August. There was a nice
attendance. Several vice presidents
were elected and the various com-
mittees appointed.

The Danish dance on Saturday
night last at the opera house was one
of the most enjoyable public parties
this season. Most of the dances were
Danish polkas and schottisches with
a few one-steps. Clark's orchestra
furnished music. About twelve
o'clock a ten cent luncheon was serv-
ed in the base ment.

The Les Misérables photoplay that
was billed to show at the Temple
theater last Saturday evening, did
not arrive on account of the wreck
near Waters as they could not make
connections. Many people were
greatly disappointed and hope that
Manager Salling may succeed in
booking this attraction at some future
time.

Model Bread
is a Gray-
ling Product

made for Grayling people
to enjoy. The reason we
want you to try our Model
Bread is because we be-
lieve the grainy yet nutri-
tious texture will please
you better than any other
loaf.

Model Bakery
Grayling, Mich.

Peter McNeven is a possessor of a
fine Flanders car.

Chas. Bingham has a fine new
"Hudson 4" touring car.

Victor Peterson of Legrand spent
Sunday at his home here.

Dr. Brooks was in the city Tuesday
on professional business.

Miss Elizabeth Salling is visiting
relatives and friends in Detroit.

Robt. Baker and family are occupying
the house vacated by Frank Mack
recently.

Mrs. Peter McNeven and children
left on Monday for a short visit in
Mackinaw.

Rev. Kjollede has had a garage
built and will have a new Ford car
next week.

Mr. Harry Fredman of Milwaukee
was a guest of Miss Martha Joseph
over Sunday last.

Mrs. Frank Austett returned last
evening from a two weeks' visit in
Well and Detroit.

The Oriental Concert company are
giving their concerts at the opera
house again this week.

J. O. Goudrow has purchased a
new Ford car and will be splin-
ning around in it soon.

The Ladies' Union will be enter-
tained by Mrs. Olaf Michelson, Fri-
day afternoon, May 1st.

Miss Nellie Shanahan left on Mon-
day for Detroit to purchase millinery
goods for Mrs. Crowley.

The Sunday evening service at the
M. E. church will start at 7:30 here-
after instead of 7:00 o'clock.

Rev. Father Riess made a short busi-
ness trip to East Jordan last week
Thursday, returning Friday.

For Sale—A range, good as new,
has only been used six months. Call
661 for Mrs. D. Countryman.

Mrs. Arnold Burrows and little son,
Merton, returned on Wednesday from
a two weeks' visit in Cheboygan.

Mrs. Kate Mussler of West Branch,
Mich., visited her brother and Mrs.
Tillie Mills for a few days last week.

Mrs. David Gillies returned on
Wednesday of last week from a
several weeks' visit in Detroit and
Toledo.

Edmund Shanahan is the new de-
livery man at Simpson's grocery.
George McPeak has resigned the
position.

F. D. Smith of Bay City and Eugene
Smith of Pontiac are visiting their
father, Delevan Smith, who is ill at
his home.

The Epworth League and Social
club will be entertained by Miss Hazel
Tillie next Tuesday evening at the
home of Mrs. L. J. Kraus.

For Sale: One Chalmers 1913 Model
"30". Don't pay over \$600.00 for any
car until you see this remarkable
value. Saginaw Hudson Sales Co.

Don't miss the comic opera, "Pa-
tience," at Temple theatre tomorrow
night (Friday). You will "laugh your
head off." See first page for more
particulars.

We wish to thank the people of
Grayling very kindly for aiding us in
saving our household goods from the
fire last week Tuesday.

Robert Baker and Family.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brennan and
little son left the latter part of last
week to visit the former's parents at
Reese and then to Detroit for a few
days' outing.

Lost—Knight Templar watch charm
Thursday, April 23. Lost somewhere
in country or perhaps at Presbyterian
supper. Suitable reward for return
of same. H. A. BAUMAN. 4-30-2.

Gilbert Currie of Midland, speaker
of the House of Representatives, is in
the city this afternoon, getting ac-
quainted with our people. Mr. Currie
is a candidate for the nomination of
congressman from this district.

If your pocketbook could talk, it
would recommend the Ford. The
man who obeys the voice of economy
invests his dollars in the Universal
car. He knows it serves his every
purpose best and at lowest cost. Buy
ours today.

GEO. BURKE, Frederic, Mich.

Waldemar Jenson and his crew of
workmen have just finished decorat-
ing the interior of Mercy hospital.
Every room and ward is now tinted in
tasty and pleasing effects, and perfect
harmony abounds throughout. Mr.
Jensen made a special effort in the
decorating of the chapel and the ef-
fect is beautiful and deserving of the
highest praise; it must be seen to be
appreciated. As soon as settled
weather may be depended upon the
outside of the building will be rep-
ainted.

Harry J. Connine has been honored
with election to membership in the
Phi Beta Kappa society at the Uni-
versity of Michigan. This is a high
honor indeed as the elections are based
on scholastic standings only, and the
thirty elected were the pick of the
class, numbering approximately 500.
It is seldom that a student is elected
to membership in this society before
his fourth year in the University, and
the fact that this is Mr. Connine's
third year, speaks very highly of his
college work. Harry's friends at
home will be pleased at this good
news and certainly the people of his
own home city will unite with us in
extending our warmest congratulations.
The newly elected members
will be admitted to the society at the
spring banquet, which will be given
May 8th.

Eggs for hatching from thorough-
bred Barred Rocks. Phone 703.
4-2-ff J. M. BUNTING.

"Work for the night is coming"—
and you'll want some money to spend.

Mr. and Mrs. George Burke of
Frederic were visitors at the home
of Father Riess last week.

Foresters No 2. Bread, bun, pie,
cake and candy sale in the postoffice,
Saturday afternoon, May 2nd.

Mrs. David Montone and children
returned on Tuesday from a few
weeks' visit in Standish and Pincon-
ing.

Leave your order for Early Rose
seed potatoes. Quality, weight and
measure guaranteed.

Brink's Grocery.

Miss Elsie Mortenson, who has been
working in Flint has returned to her
home in Beaver Creek to stay with
her parents.

Charles Hurd, superintendent of the
Roscommon schools, was in town
Monday having some dental work
done, and also made this office a ple-
asant call.

Lost—A gold open face watch yes-
terday morning (Wednesday) between
the Danish church and the planing
mill. Finder please leave at this
office. Reward.

Mrs. Fred MacDonald was dismissed
from Mercy hospital last week and
returned to her home in Wolverine on
Sunday morning. She was accompa-
nied by her son, Clair, who came to
take her home and spend a few days
here.

An interesting story is printed in
this issue, entitled, "The Reunion."
It was written by Hardin Sweeney,
of the Junior class and submitted as
part of his school work. It contains
two chapters, the second of which
will be published next week.

Claude L. Austin, stenographer for
Judge Nelson Sharpe, was in the city
Monday and made arrangements for
presenting the comic opera, "Pa-
tience," at the Temple theatre, Fri-
day night, May 1st. The cast of char-
acters of this play is made up of people
from his home town, West Branch,
and consists of some of the most
prominent citizens of that city. Mr.
Austin assures us that the play is go-
ing to be fine, and hopes that Grayling
will give them a crowded house. The
prices are only 25, 35, and 50 cents,
and seats are now on sale at the Central
drug store. Get your seat early.

Walmer Jorgenson has just been
awarded contracts for constructing a
parapet, power house, cement reser-
voir and mess house at the state
military reservation. He expects to
commence work on these at once.

Up-to-Date Goods FOR SPRING AND SUMMER

We take pride in our new stock of spring and summer
goods and want you to see them. Everything is right
up-to-date and if you buy your outfit of us you will
know that you are getting the latest styles and the best
goods on the market.

**Men's and Boys' Hats, Caps and Clothing, Ladies'
and Misses, Suits, Coats and Millinery,
Dress Goods, Trimmings, Etc.**

DON'T MISS THIS BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY

GRAYLING MERC. CO.

Grayling, Mich.

Leave Your Order

for Early Rose
Seed Potatoes at

Brink's Grocery

Where Quality, Weight and Measure are Guaranteed.

TO THE PUBLIC:

We are ready to announce to the people of Grayling
and Crawford County that we have opened up
again in the same place with a full line of shoes
for ladies, men, children and boys. Every pair
of shoes are bran-new — no old stock that
laid around store for years. We don't buy old
stock. We can sell you our new goods
cheaper than you have to pay for old stock.

For Friday and Saturday

We are going to Sell:

Ladies' white kid Colonials worth \$3.50 for \$2.69
Ladies' patent leather Colonials 3.25 for 2.25
Ladies' gun metal Colonials 3.25 for 2.25

Come and see our swell new line of children's shoes.
You never saw a better line in Grayling.

Ladies' 15c vests for 9c
Ladies' 25c union suits Friday and Sat. for 21c
Ladies' fine Lisle Hose worth 35c for 21c
Men's 25c knit ties for 15c

Fine children's dresses at great bargains. Come and
see us. Come in and let me show you a fine
line of samples and take your measure for a nice,
tailor made suit. I have the agency of M. Born
& Co., the oldest and largest tailoring concern
in the United States. Suits made to your mea-
sure \$14.00 and up.

Thanking you for past favors, and hoping to
serve you again,

Respectfully yours,

MIKE BRENNER

Grayling.

Michigan

TO MONEY SAVERS:

SAVE MONEY AS WELL AS EARN IT

TRADE WITH US AND SAVE
DOLLARS BY SHARING IN OUR
DIVIDEND PLAN, AND YOU
WILL EARN SATISFACTION IN QUALITY OF
OUR GOODS.

HERE IS OUR PLAN:

SAVE YOUR CASH REGISTER

RECEIPTS

RETURN \$25 WORTH OF RECEIPTS AND

RECEIVE 50C. IN CASH OR TRADE

FREE

MILTON SIMPSON EST.

Advertising Pays! Why not advertise?



The Hollow of Her Hand

by

George Barr McCutcheon

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SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrandall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrandall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrandall on the trip has subsequently disappeared. It is suspected Wrandall, it appears, had led a gay life and neglected his wife. Mrs. Wrandall and her daughter Leslie are in during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who accompanied Wrandall. This woman had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrandall determined to shield her and takes her to her own home.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Half an hour later he departed, to rejoin her at eleven o'clock, when the reporters were to be expected. He was to do all the talking for her. While he was there, Leslie Wrandall called her up on the telephone. Hearing but one side of the rather prolonged conversation, he was filled with wonder at the tactful way in which she met and parried the inevitable questions and suggestions coming from her horror-stricken brother-in-law. Without the slightest trace of offensiveness in her manner, she gave Leslie to understand that the final obsequies must be conducted in the home of his parents, to whom once more her husband belonged, and that she would abide by all arrangements his family elected to make. Mr. Carroll surmised from the trend of conversation that young Wrandall was about to leave for the scene of the tragedy, and that the house was in a state of unspeakable distress. The lawyer smiled rather grimly to himself as he turned to look out of the window. He did not have to be told that Challis was the idol of the family, and that, so far as they were concerned, he could do no wrong!

After his departure, Mrs. Wrandall gently opened the bedroom door and was surprised to find the girl wide awake, resting on one elbow, her staring eyes fastened on the newspaper that tapped the pile on the chair.

Catching sight of Mrs. Wrandall she pointed to the paper with a trembling hand and cried out, in a voice full of horror:

"Did you place them there for me to read? Who was with you in the other room just now? Was it some one about the—some one looking for me? Speak! Please tell me. I heard a man's voice."

The other crossed quickly to her side.

"Don't be alarmed. It was my lawyer. There is nothing to fear—at present. Yes, I left the papers there for you to see. You can see what a sensation it has caused. Challis Wrandall was one of the most widely known men in New York. But I suppose you know that without my telling you."

The girl sank back with a groan. "My God, what have I done? What will come of it all?"

"I wish I could answer that question," said the other, taking the girl's hand in hers. Both were trembling. After an instant's hesitation, she laid her other hand in the dark, dishevelled hair of the wild-eyed creature, who still continued to stare at the headlines. "I am quite sure they will not look for you here, or in my home."

"In your home?"

"You are to go with me. I have thought it all over. It is the only way. Come, I must ask you to pull yourself together. Get up at once, and dress. Here are the things you are to wear." She indicated the orderly pile of garments with a wave of her hand.

Slowly the girl crept out of bed, confused, bewildered, stunned.

"Where are my own things? I—I cannot accept these. Pray give me my own."

Mrs. Wrandall checked her.

"You must obey me, if you expect me to help you. Don't you understand



"You Did Not Know He Had a Wife?"
She Cried.

that I have had a—a bereavement? I cannot wear these things now. They are useless to me. But we will speak of all that later on. Come, be quick; I will help you to dress. First, go to the telephone and ask them to send a waiter to—these rooms. We must have something to eat. Please do as I tell you."

Standing before her benefactress, her fingers fumbling impatiently at the neck of the night-dress, the girl still continued to stare dumbly into the calm, dark eyes before her.

"You are so good, I—I—" "Let me help you," interrupted the other, deliberately setting about to remove the night-dress. The girl caught it up as it slipped from her shoulders, a warm flush suffusing her face and a shamed look springing into her eyes.

"Thank you, I can—get on very well. I only wanted to ask you a question. It has been on my mind, walking and sleeping. Can you tell me anything about—do you know his name?"

The question was so abrupt, so startling that Mrs. Wrandall uttered a sharp little cry. For a moment she could not reply.

"I am so sorry, so desperately sorry for her," added the girl plaintively.

"I know her," the other managed to say with an effort.

"If I had only known that he had a wife—" began the girl bitterly, almost angrily.

Mrs. Wrandall grasped her by the arm. "You did not know that he had a wife?" she cried.

The girl's eyes flashed with a sudden, fierce fire in their depths.

"God in heaven, no! I did not know it until—Oh, I can't speak of it! Why should I tell you about it? Why should you be interested in hearing it?"

Mrs. Wrandall drew back and regarded the girl's set, unhappy face. There was a curious light in her eyes that escaped the other's notice—a light that would have puzzled her not a little.

"But you will tell me—everything."

"A little later," she said, strangely calm. "Not now, but—before many hours have passed. First of all, you must tell me who you are, where you live—everything except what happened in Burton's Inn. I don't want to hear that at present—perhaps never. Yes, on second thoughts, I will say never! You are never to tell me just what happened up there, or just what led up to it. Do you understand? Never!"

The girl stared at her in amazement. "But I—I must tell someone," she cried vehemently. "I have a right to defend myself—"

"I am not asking you to defend yourself," said Mrs. Wrandall shortly. Then, as if afraid to remain longer, she rushed from the room. In the doorway, she turned for an instant to say: "Do as I told you. Telephone. Dress as quickly as you can." She closed the door swiftly.

Standing in the center of the room, her hands clenched until the nails cut the flesh, she said over and over again to herself: "I don't want to know! I don't want to know!"

A few minutes later she was critically inspecting the young woman who came from the bedroom attired in a street dress that neither of them had ever donned before. The girl, looking fresher, prettier and even younger than when she had seen her last, was in no way abashed. She seemed to have accepted the garments and the situation in the same spirit of resignation and hope; as if she had decided to make the most of her slim chance to profit by these amazing circumstances.

They sat opposite each other at the little breakfast table.

"Please pour the coffee," said Mrs. Wrandall. The waiter had left the room at her command. The girl's hand shook, but she complied without a word.

"Now you may tell me who you are—and—but wait! You are not to say anything about what happened at the inn. Guard your words carefully. I am not asking for a confession. I do not care to know what happened there. It will make it easier for me to protect you. You may call it conscience. Keep your big secret to yourself. Not one word to me. Do you understand?"

"Silly, madam! In God's name, do you think it was silly to me? Why, I believed him! And, what is more, I believe that he did love me—even now I believe it."

"I have no doubt of it," said Mrs. Wrandall calmly. "You are very pretty—and charming."

"I—I did not know that he had a wife until—well, until—" She could not go on.

"Night before last."

The girl shuddered. Mrs. Wrandall turned her face away and waited.

"There is nothing more I can tell you, unless you permit me to tell all," the girl resumed after a moment of hesitation.

Mrs. Wrandall arose.

The girl's face flushed for an instant and then grew pale again.

"I will tell you the truth," she said. "My name is Hetty Castleton. My father is Col. Braud Castleton of the British army. My mother is dead. She was Kitty Glynn, at one time a popular music hall performer in London. She died two years ago. My father was a gentleman. I do not say he is a gentleman, for his treatment of my mother relieves him from that distinction. He is in the far east, China, I think. I have not seen him in more than five years. He deserted my mother. That's all there is to that side of my story. I appeared in two or three of the musical pieces produced in London two seasons ago, in the chorus. I never got beyond that, for very good reasons. I was known as Hetty Glynn. Three weeks ago I started for New York, sailing from Liverpool. Previously I had served in the capacity of governess in the family of John Budlong, a brewer. They had a son, a young man of twenty. Two months ago I was dismissed. A California lady, Mrs. Holcombe, offered me a situation as governess to her two little girls soon afterward. I was to go to her home in San Francisco. She provided the money necessary for the voyage and for other expenses. She is still in Europe. I landed in New York a fortnight ago and, following her directions, presented myself at a certain bank—I have the name somewhere—where my railroad tickets were to be ready for me with further instructions. They were to give me twenty-five pounds on the presentation of my letter from Mrs. Holcombe. They gave me the money and then handed me a telegram from Mrs. Holcombe, notifying me that my services would not be required. There was no explanation. Just that."

"On the steamer I met him. His deck chair was next to mine. I noticed that his name was Wrandall."

"Wrandall" the card on the chair informed me. I—"

"You crossed on the steamer with him?" interrupted Mrs. Wrandall quickly.

"Yes."

"Had you seen him before? In London?"

"Never. Well, we became acquainted, as people do. He—he was very handsome and agreeable." She paused for a moment to collect herself.

"Very handsome and agreeable," said the other slowly.

"We got to be very good friends. There were not many people on board, and apparently he knew none of them. It was too cold to stay on deck much of the time, and it was very rough. He had one of the splendid suites on the—"

"Pray omit unnecessary details. You do not want—where?"

"He advised me to go to an hotel—I can't recall the name. It was rather an unpleasant place. Then I went to the bank, as I have stated. After that

"What can you mean?"

Sara laid her hands on the girl's shoulders and looked steadily into the puzzled eyes for a moment before speaking.

"My girl," she said, ever so gently. "I shall not ask what your life has been; I do not care. I shall not ask for references. You are alone in the world and you need a friend. I too am alone. If you will come to me I will do everything in my power to make you comfortable and contented. Perhaps it will be impossible to make you happy, but with scarcely a noticeable trace of charm that made his brother attractive; Hetty, handsome, selfish and as cheerless as the wind that blows across the icebergs in the north. Challis had been born with a widely enveloping heart and an elastic conscience; Sara with a brain and a soul and not much of a heart, as things go; Sara with a soul alone, which belonged to God, after all, and not to her. Of course she had a heart, but it had only for the purpose of pumping blood to remote extremities, and had nothing whatever to do with anything so unutterably extraneous as love, charity or self-sacrifice."

Hetty drew back, completely mystified.

"Who are you?" she murmured, still staring.

"I am Challis Wrandall's wife."

CHAPTER IV.

While the Mob Waited.

The next day but one, in the huge old-fashioned mansion of the Wrandalls in lower Fifth avenue, in the drawing-room directly beneath the chamber in which Challis was born, the impressive but grimly conventional funeral services were held.

Contrasting sharply with the somber, absolutely correct atmosphere of the gloomy interior was the exterior display of joyous curiosity that must have jarred severely on the high-bred sensibilities of the chief mourners, not to speak of the invited guests who had been obliged to pass between rows of gaping bystanders in order to reach the portals of the house of grief, and who must have reckoned with extreme distaste the cost of subsequent departure. A dozen raucous-voiced policemen were employed to keep back the hundreds that thronged the sidewalk and blocked the street. Curiosity was rampant. Ever since the moment that the body of Challis Wrandall was carried into the house of his father, a motley, varying crowd of people shifted restlessly in front of the mansion, filled with gruesome interest in the absolutely unseen, animated by the sly hope that something sensational might happen if they waited long enough.

Hetty had had the bad taste—or perhaps it was misfortune—to burst out an agonized "I told you so" at a time when the family was sitting numb and hushed under the blight of the first horrid blow. He did not mean to be unfeeling. It was the truth bursting from his unhappy lips.

"I knew Chai would come to this; I knew it," he had said. His arm was about the quivering shoulders of his mother as he said it.

She looked up, a sob breaking in her throat. For a long time she looked into the face of her second son.

"How you have—how dare you say such a thing as that!" she cried, aghast.

He colored, and drew her closer to him.

"I—I didn't mean it," he faltered.

"You have always taken sides against him," began his mother.

"Please, mother," he cried miserably.

"You say this to me now," she went

true that Sara forestalled her in a way by sending word, through Lealto, that she would be pleased if Mrs. Wrandall would issue invitations to as many of Challis' friends as she deemed advisable.

As for herself, she had no wish in the matter; she would be satisfied with whatever arrangements the family cared to make.

It is not to be supposed, from the foregoing, that Mrs. Wrandall, the elder, was not stricken to the heart by the lamentable death of her idol. He was her idol. He was her first-born, he was her love-born. He came to her in the days when she loved her husband without much thought of respecting him. She was beginning to regard him as something more than a lover when Leslie came, so it was different.

He bit his lip, which trembled. "She's never cared for me as she cared for Chai. I'm sorry if I've made it worse."

"See here, Leslie, was Chai so—so—"

"Yes, I meant what I said a while ago. It was sure to happen to him one time or another. Sara's had a lot to put up with."

"Sara? If she had been the right sort of a wife, this never would have happened."

"After all is said and done, Vivie Sara's in a position to rub it in on us if she's of a mind to do so. She won't do it, of course, but—I wonder if she isn't gloating, just the same."

"Haven't we treated her as one of us?" demanded she, dabbing her handkerchief in her eyes. "Since the wedding, I mean. Haven't we been kind to her?"

"Oh, I think she understands us perfectly," said her brother.

"I wonder what she will do now?" mused Vivian, in that speech casting her sister-in-law out of her narrow little world as one would throw aside a burnt-out match.

"She will profit by experience," said he, with some pleasure in a superior wisdom.

In Mrs. Wrandall's sitting room at the top of the broad stairway sat the family—that is to say, the immediate family—a solemn-faced footman in front of the door that stood fully ajar so that the occupants might hear the words of the minister as they ascended, sonorous and precise, from the hall below. A minister was he who knew the buttered side of his bread. His discourse was to be a beautiful one. He stood at the front of the stairs and

on. "You who are left to take his place in my affection—why, Leslie, I—I!"

Vivian interposed. "Leslie is upset, mamma darling. You know he loved Chai as deeply as any of us loved him."

Afterwards the girl said to Leslie when they were quite alone: "She will never forgive you for that, Leslie. It was a beastly thing to say."

He bit his lip, which trembled. "She's never cared for me as she cared for Chai. I'm sorry if I've made it worse."

"See here, Leslie, was Chai so—so—"

"Yes, I meant what I said a while ago. It was sure to happen to him one time or another. Sara's had a lot to put up with."

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SCANDINAVIAN NEWS

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS IN FAR OFF NORTHWEST.

ITEMS FROM THE OLD HOME

Resume of the Most Important Events
in Sweden, Norway and Denmark—
Of Interest to the Scandinavians
in America.

SWEDEN.

An operation was performed on King Gustaf April 9. Shortly afterwards the following bulletin was issued:

"His majesty spent a quiet night before the operation, which was carried out by the Swedish professors, John Wilhelm Berg and Jules Herbert Akermann. The actual operation lasted 75 minutes and was well borne by the royal patient. A more or less superficial ulcer was discovered on the left lower side of the stomach. The ulcer showed no signs of being malignant. The operation of gastro-enterotomy was performed. The Queen of Sweden, the crown prince and crown princess, Prince Eugene, the prime minister, the foreign minister and the marshal of the kingdom were present in the hospital during the operation. Prof. Wilhelm Fielein declared that his majesty now was going on well. The result left no doubt that the operation was necessary." His majesty was entirely composed when placed on the operating table. The operation was declared successful, but it is expected it will be four or five weeks before King Gustaf will be able to leave his room. Queen Victoria accompanied the king to the hospital and rooms were provided for her adjoining those of the King. She will remain in the home until her husband is fully recovered. Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf was designated as regent by his father before the latter left the palace.

How the world do move. This question has troubled many a bright head. But now it is made plain by a Stockholm man named Bengt S. Andersson. In a communication to the minister of ecclesiastical affairs he suggested that the government advance \$270 to enable him to publish a treatise giving the reason for the rotation of the earth. Mr. Andersson has spent several years studying the laws of the sun, and now he has caught on to the trick of the regular dancing of the earth through space. The palpable basis of the whole process is, that the sun does not shine all over the earth at the same time. Half of the globe is lighted, the other half is dark. "If the periphery of the earth is divided in four parts," Mr. Andersson says, "and if we further ascertain the supply of heat from the sun in the forenoon and in the afternoon we find that the earth stores up the heat of the sun, which acts in such a manner that the afternoon is warmer than the forenoon. The pressure of the sunbeams and the heat stored up in the forenoon exert, from day to day, a greater pressure on one-fourth of the periphery of the earth than upon the other three-fourths. And since the earth, as is well known, is a free, detached body in space, the unequal pressure of the sunbeams on different parts of the earth makes the earth go round and round." How plain! The wonder is, that no one ever thought of this before.

"The Second Warning," a booklet written by Dr. Sven Hedin, appeared a few days ago. It is his second publication advocating a rapid strengthening of the defenses. The first edition consisted of 1,000,000 copies, but the demand was so tremendous that nothing is left of it. The booklets would fill a shelf over three and a half English miles long, and placed end-to-end they would reach 140 miles. If the leaves were placed end-to-end they would reach from Stockholm across Asia and a few hundred miles into the Pacific ocean. The edition required nine carloads of paper.

At a meeting of the Publicity club of Stockholm a resolution was adopted protesting emphatically against such journalism as was recently practised by Editor Ljunglund of "Allehanda," when he published Editor Fehr's letter to Mannheimer, which caused such excitement. Such publications can serve no good purpose, says the resolution, and must inevitably lead to immorality, creating a distrust in private life and lowering the press in the esteem of the people. Marine Lieutenant Ekholm, who stole the Fehr letter, was directed by the minister of marine to take himself out of the service.

Prince Wilhelm, who has been hunting big game in Africa, has had fine luck. He killed rhinoceroses, buffaloes, hippopotami, giraffes and a quantity of smaller game. Even lions were brought down by his bullets. A young lion was captured alive and this will be taken to Sweden.

About 2,000 wild reindeer were butchered in the mountains of Jemtland last winter. There are still 2,000 running at large, but they will be let alone until next winter.

A person who does not wish his name announced has donated \$340 toward paying the expenses of a man who is to visit the Swedish missionaries in Africa and India to find out to what extent they may advance the interests of the Swedish export trade.

The farmer's defensive league keeps 300 speakers in the field during the present campaign, and they have already distributed 1,000,000 booklets and other campaign publications. This does not include the newspapers that they have sent to voters.

NORWAY.

In a newspaper article on Washington society, Selma Armstrong Adams says:

"An interesting figure in this cosmopolitan society is Madame Bryn, the wife of the Norwegian minister to the United States. Madame Bryn has seen much of the world, for besides being widely traveled she has lived for a number of years both in Paris and in Buenos Ayres, where her husband held diplomatic posts."

"Madame Bryn remains today, however, a typical woman of Norway, not only in appearance, but in many of her tastes. She is tall and slender, and she has the blue eyes, yellow hair, and fair skin characteristic of the Norse race. She was born in old Trondhjem, a city of ancient customs, which, until recent years was the farthest north railroad station in the world. In Trondhjem for hundreds of years past, Norwegian kings have been crowned, the cathedral there being one of the finest in the world. And it was in this far northern city on one of the coldest days ever known in northern Norway that the wedding of Madame Bryn took place. She was before her marriage Miss Laura Grilstad.

"The minister and Madame Bryn have four children, who are among the most interesting of the little foreigners in the diplomatic corps. When they came to Washington little over three years ago, not one of the Bryn children could speak English. They were kept out of school a year, as their parents feared a lack of knowledge of the language would prove a handicap to them. Now, they speak our tongue as easily as if it were their own.

"When it comes to winter sports, for which the people of Norway are famed, it is probable that Madame Bryn excels her children, who have spent their first years in warmer climates. To this day she loves to dwell upon the skiting feats of the girls and boys who were her playmates. She declares that though she was always perfectly at home on skis, she was never an expert at the sport. She remembers having seen her brother make a jump of 90 feet on skis, which, she says, is not a record jump.

"Madame Bryn's children, though they have never had their mother's experience at winter sports, are as fond of out-of-door life as she. Her boys are devoted to the great American game of baseball, and her two girls love tennis. They are also fond of skating, and whenever there is a good snow and freeze in Washington, they are among the children who spend hours with ice skates, sleds and toboggans in Rock Creek park.

"Madame Bryn has never had an opportunity to vote since the women of Norway were enfranchised. She is, however, an advocate of equal suffrage."

The Kristiania Morgenbladet issued number 50,000 on April 26. The jubilee edition contained contributions from some of the foremost men of the country. Many greetings from the neighboring countries were also printed. This was, of course, a great event in the history of the press of Norway. But even the most venerable papers abroad can boast of no such record. The London Times, for instance, has reached number 42,000 only. The fact that the Morgenbladet has appeared in 50,000 issues is explained partly by the fact that for many years past it has been published both morning and evening. It is said that there are only two newspapers in the world that have appeared in as many issues as the Morgenbladet, namely, the Berlingske Tidende in Copenhagen and a Paris daily.

Newport News, Va.—Bringing the body of the captain and eleven survivors of the crew of the Norwegian bark Orlana, which it rammed and sank off Barnegat, N. J., the American steamer Peter H. Crowell arrived here from Boston. Two men went down with the Orlana and the captain was dead when taken from the water. Captain Vall of the Crowell reported to Norwegian Consul Richardson that the collision occurred during misty weather with the sea calm, and was due to poor lights displayed by the Orlana. The Crowell struck the bark while steaming almost full speed. The wooden ship filled rapidly and 50 minutes after being struck sank in 17 fathoms of water.

DENMARK.

American visitors to Denmark next summer may have an opportunity of seeing three of the most distinguished rulers of Europe. King George of England and President Poincaré of France are expected in the summer to return, the visits which the Danish royal family will pay to their respective countries in May, and a visit from Emperor William of Germany may also be expected in return for the trip which the Danish king and queen made last year to Berlin.

Chimney sweeping is the most lucrative plain labor in Copenhagen, has had fine luck. He killed rhinoceroses, buffaloes, hippopotami, giraffes and a quantity of smaller game. Even lions were brought down by his bullets. A young lion was captured alive and this will be taken to Sweden.

About 2,000 wild reindeer were butchered in the mountains of Jemtland last winter. There are still 2,000 running at large, but they will be let alone until next winter.

The raising of the embargo on Danish potatoes by the government in Washington gave a great impetus to the potato trade in Denmark. The motorship California took a cargo of potatoes from Copenhagen to America. The Danish co-operative potato export company, which has its headquarters in Aalborg, sent a ship of its own with 60,000 barrels to New York. A cargo was also sent from Randers.

The farmer's defensive league keeps 300 speakers in the field during the present campaign, and they have already distributed 1,000,000 booklets and other campaign publications. This does not include the newspapers that they have sent to voters.

The ONLOOKER
by HENRY HOWLAND

The AMERICAN IDEA



I have worked and I have worried
For the riches you've been cravin';
I have planned and I have hurried
And I've learned the art of savin';
I have done some double dealin';
When I thought that it would run me,
But they've never caught me stealin';
And that's some distinction, May-mine.

I have learned the art of gettin'
Every dollar that is due me,
And of sittin' back and lettin'
Other people bring it to me;
You and I have faced some weather
In the little flat back yonder;
But I've acquir'd a pile together,
And the outlook's fair at present.

Easy street is open to us.
Now let's make the whole world wonder;
We'll forget the folks who know us
In the little flat back yonder;
Let's have a hand round on my honey;
Let's permit the world to know it,
And get out and spend our money
Where the crowds can watch us blow it.

The Lion.
"Do you ever feel after you have played a part for a long time that you really are the character you are portraying?" asked the beautiful girl when she and the handsome young actor had at last succeeded in getting away from the middle-aged ladies who insisted on lionizing him.

"Yes," he replied, "I sometimes absolutely forget that I am myself."

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "But how sad and disappointed you must be when it is all over and you have to be yourself again."

A One-Sided Arrangement.

"Why is it that Hendrix is able to dress so much better and live in such finer style than you do? I understand that his salary is no higher than yours."

"The explanation is very simple. He has a daughter and I have a son. My son has to pay the expenses for both whenever they go anywhere together."

A Skeptic.

I wandered, happy as the wind.
This blows across a placid sea,
When all at once I chanced to find
Johnny-jump-up beneath the tree.
The trail and jump very small,
But never tried to jump at all.

I sat myself upon the grass
And long I waited pensively,
And watched it closely, but, alas,
It did not seem to notice me.
I'm almost sure that he's a chump
Who thinks that Johnny-jump-up jump.

Practical Suggestion.

"Whatever are we going to do with nine chafing dishes?" exclaimed the bride when she and the groom had at last been permitted to look at the presents.

"We might exchange two or three of them for a couple of skillets and perhaps trade the rest in on a sack of flour and a peck of potatoes."

PROGRESS.

"So your son is going to high school?"
"Yes."
"How far has he got?"
"To the point at which I seem to be an intellectual two-spot."

In Other Words.
"I am not ashamed to say that I vote as my wife thinks I ought to vote. She has more time than I have to study political conditions and I am perfectly willing to accept her judgment."

"In other words, you have the courage of your wife's convictions."

Hard.

"Poor old Bobbsey! His is a hard lot."

"Why, I thought he had a pretty easy time of it."

"He has; but he recently bought a site for a new residence and he finds that it will be necessary to dig the cellar with dynamite."

A Justifiable Conclusion.

"What a liar that man is."

"Why do you say that?"

"I gave him praise a moment ago for the good work he has been doing, and said he was afraid he didn't deserve it."

Oblivion.

Ambition has claimen man fer; but the irony of fate is exemplified in the fact that nobody knows the name of the man who invented the alarm clock.

Thought He Was a Cat, Perhaps.

"What are you reading?"

"Phatarch's Lives."

"Gee whiz! How many did he have?"

A Slightly Rancorous Mood.

"They say there are only eight genuine jokes."

"Yes," replied Senator Borgham; "and I think could tell who they are if courtesy did not forbid personalities in official life."

The Money's Worth.

"Was that show you want to see last week the money's worth?" asked one boy.

"Just about," replied the other. "I managed to get by the ticket seller with a lead quarter."

Scandinavian News

FORWARD DECK OF THE U. S. BATTLESHIP MISSISSIPPI



Scarcely Worthy Qualifying For.

In all other callings in life, men and women generally realize that they must have certain qualifications for success, but in that world's institution of matrimony, they often hope to enter happily, forgetting that it is most essential to have equal qualities, and this fact brings forth an incident.

A young man of very meager culture fell in love with a young woman of decidedly superior character and intellectual attainments. He watched her career with great pride, yet never awakening to the fact that he might improve himself in many ways. One day he said to her, ardently: "Dearest, I have waited for you all these years and I shall keep on waiting until you marry me. You are the only girl I ever met who qualified."

She looked him over with a studied gaze and said, "Qualified? What do you mean? Qualify for what?"

"Newly Discovered Evidence."

"And here is some further evidence." "Better bury that. We'll leave that to be discovered if the trial goes against us." —Kansas City Journal.

Housework Is a Burden

It's hard enough to keep house if in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering from an aching back has a heavy burden.

Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especially if the kidney action seems disordered.

Dean's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of suffering women. It's the best recommended special kidney remedy.

AN INDIANA CASE

Mrs. Mary A. Kirklin, South Frankfort, Ind., says: "I have Dean's Kidney Pills. I take them in the morning and they cured me. I have not had a trouble during the past nine years."

Get Dean's at Any Store. No Tax.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Castoria For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Bears the Signature of

Chat. K. Fletcher.

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

WORMS.

"Worms," that's what the matter of 'em. Stomach and intestines are as bad as distempers. Cost you too much to feed 'em. Look back—bad. Don't phrye 'em to death. Give 'em a good meal, and don't "physic." Acus on glands and blood. Full directions with each bottle, and sold by all druggists.

SPONH MEDICAL CO., Chemists.

Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

Knowledge for the Poor.

For the well man, or woman, dietary knowledge is primarily a question of dollars and cents, but for the poor man, particularly with a family of growing children, this aspect of the case may have a very powerful effect upon health. As Dr. Graham Lusk has very well said, the laboring man's efficiency depends upon his stoking, and every man, or his wife, should be a competent fireman at this sort of stoking. No one, for example, having trouble to make both ends meet should spend money for a can of tomatoes, or any one of dozens of other so-called foods, which have, comparatively speaking, no food value whatever. It is ordinarily estimated that a hard-working man requires about 3,000 calories per day, an office man about 2,500.

The intent of the document was to convey the feeling on the side of the party that the landing of troops at Vera Cruz was an act of injustice which gave rise to the present situation will be attempted, while the effort is being made to bring about a settlement through diplomacy.

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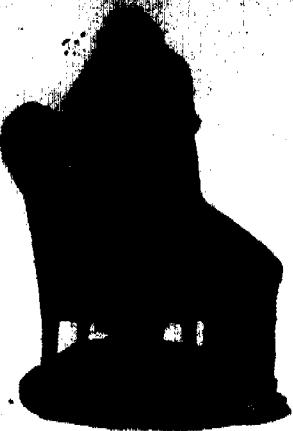
The intent of the document was to convey the feeling on the side of the party that the landing of troops at Vera Cruz was an act of injustice which gave rise to

The Fact Remains

No amount of misrepresentation by the peddlers of alum baking powders, no Juggling with chemicals, or pretended analysis, or cooked-up certificates, or falsehoods of any kind, can change the fact that

Royal Baking Powder
has been found by the official examinations to be of the highest leavening efficiency, free from alum, and of absolute purity and wholesomeness.

Royal Baking Powder is indispensable for making finest and most economical food.



Mary Was Utterly Wretched.

for vengeance on himself. And into his thoughts now crept a doubt, one that alarmed his sense of justice. A horrible suspicion that he had misjudged Mary Turner crept into his brain and would not out. He fought it with all the strength of him, and that was much, but ever it abode there.

Mary Turner herself, too, was in a condition utterly wretched, and for the same cause—Dick Gilder. That source of the father's suffering was hers as well. She had won her ambition of years—revenge on the man who had sent her to prison. And now the joy of it was a torture, for the puppet of her plans, the son, had suddenly become the chief thing in her life.

She had taken it for granted that he would leave her after he came to know that her marriage to him was only a device to bring shame on his father. Instead he loved her. That fact seemed the secret of her distress. He loved her. More, he dared believe, and to assert boldly, that she loved him. Had he acted otherwise the matter would have been simple enough. But he loved her—loved her still, though he knew the shame that had clouded her life, knew the motive that had led her to accept him as a husband. More—by a sublime audacity he declared that she loved him.

"Now," Burke went on briskly as the door closed behind the servant, "where could these men stay out or until they're needed?"

There followed a little discussion which ended in the selection of a storeroom at the end of the passage on the ground floor.

"And now, Mr. Gilder," the inspector said energetically, "I'm going to give you the same tip I gave your man. Go to bed and stay there."

"But the boy," Gilder protested. "What about him? He's the one thing of importance to me."

"If he says anything more about going to Chicago just you let him go, that's all! It's the best place for him for the next few days."

"You're in charge here," Burke said to Cassidy, "and I hold you responsible. I'm coming back to get this bunch myself, and I'll call you when you're wanted. You'll wait in the storeroom out there and don't make a move till you hear from me, unless by any chance things go wrong and you get a call from Griggs. He's got a whistle, and he'll use it if necessary. Got that straight?" Cassidy declared an entire understanding of the directions.

At the men left the room Burke turned again to Gilder.

"Just one thing more," he said. "After I've gone I want you to stay up for a half hour anyhow, with the lights burning. Do you see? I want to be sure to give the Turner woman time to get here while that gang is at work."

Gilder scrupulously followed the directions of the police inspector. Unusually he had remained in the library until the allotted time was elapsed. He fidgeted from place to place, his mind heavy with distress under the shadow that threatened to blight the life of his cherished son. Finally, with a sense of relief, he put out the lights and went to his chamber.

His thoughts were most with his son, and ever as he thought of Dick his fury waxed against the woman who had enmeshed the boy in her plotting

and his desire to the last to give the telephone to him.

"Give me the 250 Rayant," he said.

There was a little wait. Then an answer in a voice he knew came over the wire.

Garsen picked up a penholder from the desk and began tapping lightly on the rim of the transmitter. It was a code message in Morse. In the room around the corner the tapping sounded clearly, ticking out the message that the way was free for the thieves' coming.

For a final safeguard Garsen searched for and found the telephone bell box and uncrewed the bells, which he placed on the desk. He then took his pistol from his hip pocket and thrust it into the right side pocket of his coat. Once again, now, he produced the electric torch and lighted it as he extinguished the lamp on the table.

He then went to the door into the hall, opened it and, leaving it ajar, made his way in silence to the outer doorway. The doors there were freed of their bolts, and one of them swung wide. So nicely had the affair been timed that hardly was the door open before the three men slipped in and stood mute and motionless in the hall while Garsen fastened the doors. Then Garsen walked quickly back to the library. Behind him, with steps as noiseless as his own, came the three men.

When all were gathered in the library Garsen shut the hall door, touched the button in the wall beside it, and the chandelier threw its radiant light on the group.

Griggs was in evening clothes, seeming very elegant young gentleman indeed, but his two companions were of grosser type as far as appearances went—one, Dacey, thin and wiry, with a ferret face; the other, Chicago Red, a brawny ruffian, whose stolid features nevertheless exhibited something of half-sullen good nature.

"Everything all right so far," Garsen said rapidly. He turned to Griggs and pointed toward the heavy hangings that shrouded the octagonal window. "Are those the things we want?" he demanded.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Well, then, we've got to get busy."

Before he could add a direction he was halted by a soft buzzing from the telephone. For an instant he hesitated while the others regarded him doubtfully.

"We've got to take a chance," Garsen went to the desk and put the receiver to his ear.

"Of course not, Mary. I know you. You would go up for life first. Just the same, you can't take any chance. We'll all get away in a minute and you'll come with us." He turned to the men and spoke with swift authority.

"Come," he said to Dacey, "you get to the light switch there by the hall door. If you hear me snap my fingers, turn 'em off. Understand?"

With instant obedience, the man went to his station by the hall door.

"Red," Garsen ordered, "you get to that door." He pointed to the one that gave on the passageway against which he had set the chair tilted. As the man obeyed Garsen gave further instructions.

"If any one comes in that way get him and get him quick. You understand? Don't let him cry out or make a sound."

Chicago Red held up his huge hand, widely open.

"Not a chance," he declared proudly, "with that over his mug."

"Now, let's get to work," Garsen continued eagerly.

Many spoke with the bitterness of defeat.

"Listen, Joe! If you do this I'm through with you. I quit!"

"If this goes through," he countered, "we'll all quit. That's why I'm doing it. I'm sick of the game."

(continued from first page)

The Resolutions
(continued from first page)

country," said one boy, looking around.

"Yes," growled Stanley, "but it will soon be so hot that it would roast the old boy himself."

"Enjoy yourself while you can, it may be you won't get another chance," advised Wayne.

"Enjoy myself!" shouted Stanley. "Enjoy myself! Oh, Yes!! I can always enjoy myself, when there are about half a million rebels a very short ways from me, and bullets soon be running around loose. If they would only muzzle a few of their guns this afternoon, I might take a few minutes of recreation, but your Uncle Silas knows enough to keep his thinker down, and his lamps pulled for rebel compliments."

The enemy charged on the half-finished breastworks of the regiment but was repulsed and the whole rebel force fell back to Seminary Ridge and prepared field works. The 16th Mich. on the 2nd day, was quite inactive, they only taking part in a skirmish with rebel cavalry. Their position was behind a small grove where they could hear all that was going on but could not see anything.

"Well, this is worse than going home from your future wife's home on a rainy night," said Stanley. "They might move us out and give us some of the fun."

"They will as soon as some young sardine with shoulder straps gets through feeding his face," growled Floyd McClain.

The night found the 16th in the same position it had occupied all day, but late in the night the troops were awakened and ordered to move in line of battle for the morrow.

"Might wait until morning to change our position. This moving around and breaking a fellow's rest is no fun," said Stanley.

"Too bad about your rest," retorted Wayne. "Most of the time, you have been sleeping out in the rain with only the state line of Virginia around you."

"Don't get slip, young man, you haven't seen the real hardships of life yet," answered Stanley.

"Beagad! There's the spalpeens come," yelled Rusty McClaster, the only Irishman in the regiment and called Rusty on account of his red hair. "As me mother observed, when we father and Patsy O'Brian came home drunk."

Out of the woods a half mile away, a splendid body of troops were moving. It was Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps, composed of the sea-sold men of Virginia. They were moving straight toward the extreme left center, then, after a few minutes march, they were seen to change their advance, so as to strike the very middle of the troops composing the union center. The crash of heavy artillery, mingled with the increasing rattle of the musketry, which became louder and faster every second, around the steady ranks, which, although large gaps were torn in their columns, closed up and came doggedly on.

They stormed over the low stone fence, in among the union troops, and for three long minutes the crash of fire arms, the snap and click of bayonet against bayonet was the order of the day. Hardly a cheer was heard; the combatants needed all their space for the conflict. Suddenly the Confederate line broke and gave ground and the eager Union troops followed up and the defeated southern soldiers broke and fled. A long cheer went up from the Union lines, mingled with the cries for help and for water from those stricken on the field.

"There's one poor fellow that I'm going to help," said Stanley, pointing.

"Better not try it; the batteries are shooting grape and canister," advised Wayne.

"I don't care what they're shooting. I'm going after that fellow. Looks as if he belongs to me," replied Stanley, and, starting on a run, he was soon near enough to see, by the dirty, ragged, gray clothes, that the man was a Southerner. Picking him up and returning to the line was short work for muscular Stanley. Wayne helped him to carry the southern soldier back to a place of safety and deliver him over to the surgeon and his red cross helpers. Late that night the 16th Michigan was marching south on one of the turnpikes that lead from Gettysburg, and Wayne and Stanley were with it.

(To be continued.)

Subscription Laws.

Most readers of newspapers are not familiar with the laws governing subscriptions. Here are the decisions of the United States court on the subject:

"Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to renew their subscription."

"If the subscriber orders a discontinuance of their publication the publisher may continue to send them until all dues are paid."

"If the subscriber refuses to take periodicals from the post office to which they are directed he is responsible until he has settled his bill and ordered the paper discontinued."

"If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher and the papers are sent to the former address, the subscriber is held responsible."

"The courts have held that refusing to take periodicals from the post office or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intention to defraud."

"If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice at the end of the time if they do not wish to continue taking it, otherwise the subscriber is responsible until express notice with payment of all arrearage is sent to the publisher."

(To be continued.)

Public Notice.

In the spring cleaning of our village good work has already been done; more improvement can still be made. Let all allies, especially those back of public buildings, be thoroughly cleaned up. A personal inspection of these will be made within the next ten days. J. S. HARRINGTON, Health Officer.

Resolutions.

Resolution from Grayling Lodge Free and Accepted Masons, Grayling, Mich.

Whereas The Supreme Architect of the Universe has knocked at the door of our Lodge and has called from the works of benevolence and charity to the Celestial Lodge above, the spirit of our brother Past Master James J. Collen.

Resolved, that our lodge in mourning express our heartfelt sympathy with Sister Collen and family assuring them of our desire to fulfill our Masonic obligations to them, and placing on record in the records of our lodge our deep sense of loss in the removal of so worthy a brother.

(Signed) V. J. Hutton
Geo. Mabon
F. W. Mattson

HUMPHREYS'

These remedies are scientifically and especially prepared prescriptions; used for many years by Dr. Humphreys in his private practice, and for nearly thirty years by the public with satisfaction.

Medical Book mailed free.

	Price
1 Fever, Coughs, Indigestion	25
2 Worms, Worm Powder	25
3 Colic, Crying and Windiness of Infants	25
4 Convulsions, Convulsions	25
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8 Cold Remedies, Respiratory	25
9 Rheumatism, Lumbago	25
10 Fever and Aches, Malaria	25
11 Rheumatism, Convulsions, Neuralgia	25
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13 Whooping Cough	25
14 Asthma, Coughs, Difficult Breathing	25
15 Kidney Disease	25
16 Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness	1.00
17 Uterine Inflammation, Womb Tend.	25
18 Nose Throat, Quinsy	25
19 La Grippe—Grip	25

Sold by druggists or mail on receipt of price.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEO. MEDICINE CO., Corner William and Ann Streets, New York.

State of Michigan.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at
Marquette, Mich.

Notice is hereby given that Arthur O. Vaughan of Moorestown, Mich., who, on Sept. 8, 1910, made Homestead entry, No. 02285, for S. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4 and NE 1/4 of SW 1/4, Sec. 24, township 25 N., Range SW, Mich. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make the land above described, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Kalkaska county, at Kalkaska, Michigan, on the 4th day of June, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: Elmer W. Simpson, Emil Kragge, Thomas Anthony, Camel Goodall, all of Moorestown, Mich.

OZRO A. BOWEN. Register.

Rheumatic Pains Relieved.

Why suffer from rheumatism when relief may be had at so small a cost? Mrs. Elmer Hatch, Peru, Ind., writes, "I have been subject to attacks of rheumatism for years. Chamberlain's Liniment always relieves me immediately, and I take pleasure in recommending it to others." 25 and 50 cent bottles. For sale by all Dealers.

Manistee & N. E. R. R.

Time Card
In effect Sept. 28, 1913.

Read Down.	Read Up.
A. M. P. M.	P. M. P. M.
4.00 12.34	12.34 4.00
6.54 3.02	3.02 6.54
8.21 3.28	3.28 8.21
9.20 4.00	4.00 9.20
11.	